THE

INFANT's FRIEND.

PART II.

READING LESSONS.

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PREFACE.

I SUPPOSE our little Pupil to have gone through the monoſyllables, and to know them readily *at ſight:* when that is the caſe, it ceaſes to be expedient for him to read them in order, as they are arranged in the Spelling Book; namely, agreeable to their ſound: yet he ought ſtill to be confined to ſingle words; and thoſe of equal length.

The daily *Spelling Leſſon* may now be taken from words of two ſyllables, and the Pupil indulged in *reading* words in monoſyllable.

The firſt Leſſons conſiſt of Nouns: in theſe each word ſhould be read diſtinctly, as if the queſtion were aſked, "What word is that?"—and the anſwer returned, "*Ann.*"—"And what is that?"—"*Dog*," &c. &c.

Theſe Leſſons may be enlivened by the remark—that, here are a parcel of little words which he has read in his Spelling Leſſons; and you will try whether he knows them again: to an elder it may be remarked that they are *Nouns*; and, in fact, being objects of ſenſe, they afford opportunities of enquiry and information.

Children muſt be accuſtomed to ſpeak with ſpirit: they ſhould be early taught to diſtinguiſh the emphatical words in each ſentence.

In the ſecond Leſſons, conſiſting of an Article and Noun, the ſame idea muſt go on: the Child muſt be admoniſhed to pronounce them with vivacity, as if he were aſked, "What is that?" (pointing to the object) and anſwered, "A *Cat*;"—"And that?"—"An *Aſs*;"—and keeping them as perfectly diſtinct as if the queſtions really intervened.

You remark, that the *Noun* is the word of conſequence; upon *that* the emphaſis ſhould

ſhould be laid.—"What did you ſee?"—"I ſaw a *cart*."—"Was it empty?"—"No; it was full of *lambs*."

The next Leſſons conſiſt of three words; Article, Adjective, and Noun.

Place the Child at ſuch a diſtance that he may be obliged to ſpeak *out* ſo as to be heard in every part of the room.—For this purpoſe, it is expedient to have a duplicate of the book in which he reads.

In the Leſſons conſiſting of Noun and Verb, ſtill bear in mind the queſtion—"What noiſe do dogs make?"—"Dogs bark," &c.

There are many Leſſons of this kind; yet perhaps it would be better if there were more. *Peu a peu* is the motto in teaching.

An Author, writing upon education, very aptly compares the mind of a child to a veſſel with a very *narrow neck*:—If you attempt to *pour* into it, all the liquor will

be loſt: but if you inſtil *drop* by *drop*, the whole may be infuſed.

A Scholar ſhould at firſt read very ſhort ſentences; and thoſe compoſed of words familiar to him; and, let me add, of *equal length*; otherwiſe he will ſlur over thoſe which are *new*, and articulate too ſtrongly ſuch as he perfectly knows; or, on the contrary, drawl out the long words, and paſs too lightly over the ſhort.

An Author, as eminent for his learning, as that benignity which led him to publiſh a volume in which he condeſcendingly profeſſes to write for youth—thus expreſſes his ſentiments on the ſubject:—

"Children generally ſpeak in ſhort and ſeparate ſentences.

"Children are not often taught to read with the proper emphaſis. Indeed where books are put before them that they do not underſtand, it is not poſſible they ſhould.

"Let them, therefore, read nothing but what is level to their capacity."

And

And again—" Special care ſhould be taken to render their ſtudies agreeable, to raiſe in them a love of knowledge, and, by hints and queſtions occaſionally thrown out, to teach them to wiſh for, and anticipate the information that is to be laid before them: by this mean, attention is engaged, and the memory prepared for receiving a deep and durable impreſſion."

Commonly when Children read, there is a languor and monotony, which indicates that it is a taſk, and a very dull one.

Attend to their prattle; liſten when your Girl imagines herſelf to be teaching her Doll to read;—when ſhe feigns to be viſiting;—when ſhe accoſts her ideal gueſts—obſerve with what propriety and vivacity every ſentence is uttered.—— Children even compoſe little narratives, which they relate with the utmoſt energy of expreſſion. When your Child offers a requeſt, it is in a tone of voice which

leaves

leaves you in no doubt of his preciſe meaning.

Children aſk abundance of queſtions; their natural recitative ſeems to be peculiarly adapted to the purpoſe of enquiry; yet how have I ſeen a poor Child yawn over a long ſentence ending with a note of interrogation: a ſentence in which he was not intereſted: how has his voice ſunk with languor and fatigue!—No ſooner was the Leſſon finiſhed, than, with the utmoſt briſkneſs, he cries—"*Now may I go?*"

Children ſpeak with propriety, with energy, their own feelings; ſhall I ſay, their own ſentiments?

Supply them, then, with phraſes ſimilar to their own, and they will delight in books. Give them Dialogues about their Dolls and their Toys, and they learn to read imperceptibly: for this purpoſe, there are ſeveral Leſſons of ſuch prattle as we hear from the dear little people when amuſing themſelves. Thus they are ſupplied

plied with Leſſons in their own infantine *language:* let the Teacher take care to make them ſpeak in their *own natural tone of voice*, juſt as they would utter theſe ſentences if engaged in their ſports.

It may ſeem needleſs to inſiſt upon the expedience of acquiring the *words* of a Leſſon before an attempt is made to read it: but experience has ſhewn me, that nothing is needleſs which can tend to prevent errors in teaching.

To Leſſons, therefore, in longer words, there is prefixed to each a liſt of the words of *more* than *one* ſyllable occurring in that Leſſon, divided according to the ſound, in order that they may be learned previous to reading the Leſſon.

This is the method deſigned:

Let the Pupil ſpell them till he is well acquainted with the ſound—then try whether he will know them perfectly, at ſight, undivided: for this purpoſe they ſhould have

have been printed over again; but that it would have ſwelled the work without neceſſity, as it is eaſy to point them out in the Leſſon: it will be well to try whether the Child can ſpell the words after the Leſſon. In longer ſentences, it will become expedient to attend to the management of the breath; on which ſo much depends. The Scholar muſt be taught to relieve his voice at the ſtops, and to take his breath imperceptibly; to pronounce every ſyllable articulately, and not to drop his voice at the end of a ſentence.

He muſt let his voice be ſoft and gentle; muſt read ſlowly and deliberately, obſerving carefully every ſtop, and every emphatical word; muſt ſlide over inſignificant words, ſuch as *ſo*, *or*, *and*, *if*, *but*, &c. &c. and reſerve the ſtreſs of his voice for words of more importance.—In this, a knowledge of Grammar is of great uſe.

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Nouns or Names.

Ann	Job	boy	man
bat	hen	bee	hog
egg	pea	cow	jay
yew	oak	ice	bow
ink	eye	aſp	eel
aſs	oat	ſea	ace
fly	ſaw	ear	oil
pie	mat	toy	top
lip	toe	pig	jug
ewe	pin	hay	key
ape	kid	cup	oat
doe	daw	gun	eft.

Nouns or Names.

John	Jane	Luke	Kate
book	barn	ball	bell
boat	bowl	boot	buſh
ſwan	well	cart	mill
camp	coop	crab	crow
comb	face	dove	bean
girl	babe	maid	lord
cake	cork	rake	fork
doll	goat	bull	calf
wren	hawk	duck	teal
wall	fowl	pail	ſeal
bank	kite	hand	line
ſhip	trap	foot	hook.

James

Nouns or Names.

James	thorn	ſpade	ſtack
beaſt	horſe	hound	earth
ſheep	ſwine	whelp	frock
crane	gooſe	grebe	ſnipe
ſtork	quail	broom	grape
globe	flute	knife	barge
houſe	niece	chain	wheel
mouſe	coach	cheek	child
purſe	bread	heath	hedge
ſpoon	chaiſe	ſword	plumb
nurſe	youth	queen	thread
prince	friend	thruſh	church
George	ſtreet	ſchool	wealth.

Short Sentences.

A man	a cart	the ſky
a boy	a calf	the ſun
a bat	a book	the air
a dog	a crow	the ſea
a fox	a ball	the moon
a pig	a bowl	the ſtars
a rat	a goat	the eaſt
an aſs	a fawn	the weſt
an owl	a dove	the north
an elk	a door	the ſouth
an eel	a drum	the woods
an oar	a mare	the vales
an ear	a mole	the hills.

Dogs

Short Sentences.

Dogs bark	good boys
owls hoot	tall girls
cows low	bold dogs
rooks caw	red cows
hens cluck	nice cake
lambs bleat	dear babe
cats mew	blue coat
cocks crow	wild boar
birds ſing	warm room
doves coo	deep well
babes cry	loud bell
men ſpeak	high wall
frogs croak	fine lace.

Short Sentences.

A white mouſe
a young hound
a black horſe
a ſharp knife
a large field
a thick hedge
a thick cloak
a green field
a large houſe
a bleak heath
a great prince
a clean frock
a ſharp knife
a ſweet grape.

Sheep

Short Sentences.

Sheep are mild
wolves are fierce
a horſe is ſwift
ſharks are fierce
a mouſe is briſk
graſs is green.

The cow has hoofs
the dog has claws
the cow eats graſs
the dog eats fleſh
the cat loves fiſh
the mice ſteal cheeſe.

Short Sentences.

Riſe in good time.

Pray to God.

Let your maid waſh you well.

Stand ſtill while ſhe combs your head:—Thank her when ſhe has done.

Take your book when you are bid.

Spell each word with care.

Read each line as you would ſpeak it.—Mind your ſtops.

Strive

Short Sentences.

Strive to learn faſt:—Thank thoſe who teach you.—Strive to ſpeak plain;—Speak as if the words were your own:—Do not bawl;—nor yet ſpeak in too low a voice:—Speak ſo that all in the room may hear you.

THE OX.

An ox can draw a great weight; and is good to plow with: he is not ſo fit to ride on as a horſe.

The

The ox works for us whilſt he lives, and at his death is of great uſe:—We eat his fleſh; it is beef.—His ſkin too is of uſe for ſhoes:—The fat gives us light—Do you know how?—All parts are of uſe—The blood, fat, hair, horns, hoofs, dung, and ſo on.

Boots and ſhoes are made of the hide; my great comb is made of the horn; and ſo is the box in which your aunt puts the plums with which ſhe treats you.—Your knife and fork

fork are made of the bones—and from ſome of the bones we have oil—that oil which James makes uſe of to clean the coach.—From chips of the hoofs, and part of the hide, we make glue—But I ſhould talk all day, were I to tell you all the good he does us.

You know you cut your thumb—the ſkin which I put on to heal it, was made from the guts.

I have told you that we have light from his fat; now I muſt add,

add, that his horns keep it ſafe from the wind, which would blow it out:—Can you gueſs how?—I will tell you:—Horn is made clear and thin, ſo as to let the light ſhine through; it is not ſo bright as glaſs, but leſs apt to break; and it coſts leſs.

THE CALF.

Ren-net vel-lum
in-to put-ting.

The calf friſks and plays in the field; he does us no good, mamma.

Not

Not ſo, my dear.

What good does he do us?

His fleſh is veal: his ſkin is of uſe; and he helps us to make cheeſe.

Dear mamma! how is that!

The milk which he ſucks turns ſour, and is called rennet: you ſhall ſee how they uſe it: I can not tell you much; but you know that cheeſe is curd of milk; and you have drunk ſome of the whey:—The whey is the thin part of the milk; it runs from it in the preſs,

and leaves the thick part, which grows hard and dry: that is cheeſe.

The milk is made to part into curds and whey, by putting in rennet.

The ſkin is of uſe to bind books, and make into vellum.

THE KIT-TEN.

The kit, you know, is a young cat.—A kit is as briſk as you are:—Kits love play, as well as boys.—You ſhall have one to play with, one day.

Will

Will ſhe not ſcratch me?

You muſt take care not to hurt her:—You muſt be good to her, and feed her:—You muſt give her ſome of your milk, and ſpare a bit of your bread.—You muſt not teaze nor vex her.

May I play with her?

Yes: when ſhe is in the mind to play, you may tie a cork to a ſtring; and ſhe will run here and there to catch it: but when you ſee her wiſh to go, then you muſt leave off play,

and let her out; not keep her when ſhe does not like to ſtay.

The old cat gets mice; ſhe brings them to her kit; ſhe ſhews them how to play with them; but it is harſh play to the poor mice.—She ſports a while; hunts the mouſe all round the room; gets it in her claws; gives it a gripe, and bites it hard; then lets it go; the poor thing runs, and hopes to get out ſafe; Puſs gets it in her ſtrong jaws——But we will

talk

talk no more of it:—I grieve for the poor mouſe.

My little book ſays,

The cat doth play;
And after ſlay.

THE GOAT.

A goat is like a ſheep; but he has no wool:—The goat has hair:—Cloth may be made of his hair; and his ſkin is of more uſe than the ſheep's.

The goat ſeems to have more ſenſe than the ſheep:—He can

bear heat with more eaſe than the ſheep can; but not cold.—He loves to feed on the hills; to bite the vines; and to brouze on the bark of young trees.

The white hair is of uſe: fine wigs are made of it.

A goat can jump a great way: they take great ſprings; leap from hill to hill; and ſeem to cling to the rocks.—We are told they will leap from a great height, and light on their horns.

THE

THE KID.

A kid is a young goat:—The fleſh of a kid is good to eat; and when a goat gives ſuck to her young, ſhe will let us milk her: thoſe who are ſick and weak, ſhare in the milk: you drank the milk of an aſs: if you had been in Wales when you had a cough, then you would have drunk the milk of a goat.

Our beſt gloves are made of the ſkin of kids.

THE

THE FLY.

What a nice fly I have got!

Do not keep it in your hand: let it go.

Go, fly—Mamma bids me let you go.

Good child! a fly is ſo weak, that you can not hold it in your hand, but you muſt hurt it.

I would not hurt it—I ſhould not like to be hurt.

Why did you catch it?

Do look at it, mamma.

Since

Since you let it go as ſoon as I ſpoke, you ſhall come with me, and ſee one in a glaſs.

And will it not be hurt, mamma?

No; it is dead: it has been dead a long time: you will ſee its nice wings like gauze; and its head, which looks like gold and pearl, but more bright than they do:—and its eyes!—the fly can not move its eyes—ſo it has more than you can count—that it may ſee all round it:—the eyes look like cut glaſs.

On

On each foot, the fly has a ſort of ſponge; it can walk, you know, on glaſs, and with its head down:—Some ſay, that it has a kind of glue, which it can ſqueeze out, to make it ſtick, ſo as not to fall.

You have ſeen the fly clean her wings: her legs have hair on them; they are like a bruſh; and ſhe rubs all the duſt and ſoil off with it.

Oh yes—I have ſeen a fly clean herſelf:—I love to look at them.—Why do they rub their

their feet as we do our hands when we waſh?

For the ſame end; to clear off all the ſoil and duſt:—then ſhe rubs her head and eyes, and makes them quite clean.—If ſhe were not quite neat, the rain and duſt would clog her legs and wings, ſo that ſhe could not uſe them.

I have ſeen them, where a drop of wine was ſpilt, ſtand ſtill and ſuck it.

They have a trunk, with which they ſuck their food:

in

in it is a ſharp tool to make holes where they wiſh to lay their eggs:—Some lay them in meat, ſome in cheeſe, and ſo on.

Have you ſeen the young flies?

The young flies are at firſt a kind of worm; and they change to flies.

DIALOGUE, *between two Girls.*

Fath-er fiſ-ter.

Stop! ſtop! ſtay for me!—Why do you run ſo faſt?—Stay with me:—ſit down by me.

I thank

(Dialogue, continued.)

I thank you, Miſs;—but I can ſtand.

Oh no! that you ſhall not:—ſit here—Come cloſe to me.

I thank you, Miſs.

What is that in your hand?—What have you got to eat?

A bit of bread—Will you have a bit?

I will taſte it, if you pleaſe.—It is nice bread:—I like brown bread.

We poor folk muſt not eat white bread, Miſs.

(Dialogue, continued.)

Stay here:—I will get a piece of cake:—Do you love cake?

Yes, I love it; but I get none.

You ſhall have a bit of my cake, ſuch as I eat.—Now be ſure to ſtay.

I have no mind to go, Miſs; you will find me here when you come back.

There is a large ſlice: Nurſe gave it me.—Come, eat as much as you like.

(Dialogue, continued.)

Oh, how nice it is!

Why do you not eat more?

I want no more.

Well! take the reſt home with you—You can eat it at noon—You will be glad of it then.

I thank you;—but I will give it to my leaſt ſiſ-ter:—I will not eat it all.

I love you for that.—When I have a bun, I give half to Jane; and when ſhe has a nice

(Dialogue, continued.)

thing, then ſhe gives me ſome.—Nurſe tells us we muſt not eat up our nice things.

Now I will go, Miſs.

Why ſhould you go ſo ſoon? Why, what can ſuch a child as you do?

I ſpin—and knit—and ſew—and do what they bid me.

What elſe do they bid you do?

Get ſticks for the fire—and dry wood—and fetch chips—and pick up dry leaves.

And

(Dialogue, continued.)

And what are they for?

To light the fire.

Why do you work out of doors?

We are all girls:—If there had been a boy, he would have done all this:—But I have a great deal more work.

Come, tell me all.

I tend the fowls—and feed the pigs—and fetch up the aſs—and help to load him:—He brings peaſe and beans, and

(Dialogue, concluded.)

plums and pears, on his back, paſt your gate.

Who drives him?

My father.

I hope he is good to him.

Oh yes—The aſs knows us all, and is quite fond of us—He knows my voice—If I ſpeak, he comes—He will ſtand like a dog—I coax and pat him—Poor thing, I love him—He works for us all; he helps to get our bread—We ſhould be good to him.—We ought to feed him well.

THE

THE NEW TOY.—*A Horſe.*

I.

I love John: he was ſo good as to buy this horſe:—it is a nice one.—I like a grey horſe, and this long tail.—You ſhall not have your tail cut—it is of uſe—it ſerves to bruſh off the flies:—the flies would teaze you:—and your ears ſhall not be cut, though you can not feel, nor bleed.

II.

Come, Sir, walk and trot:—let me ſee you move:—I will

rub

(The New Toy, continued.)

rub you down, and give you oats and hay; and I will chop ſtraw for you—Here are ſome tares for you, and you ſhall have graſs ſoon—nice freſh graſs:—I will be good to you:—I will not whip you much—no more than juſt to ſay, "Now go on."—I will not ſpur you—no! nor gall your poor ſides—nor let your ſkin be hurt—nor yet the hair rub off—It ſhall be my care to keep you free from pain.

III.

(The New Toy, continued.)

III.

So! you ſet your tail well; but if you did not, they muſt not nick you—No, no; I will not give you pain: Tom ſhall not take a bit off your tail—You have no hands to bruſh the flies off.—I ſee poor Crop toſs his head all day—He does it to keep off the flies; but it is all in vain: they bite him; they ſuck his blood, and lay their eggs on him.

IV.

(The New Toy, continued.)

IV.

Oh, my dear horſe! I am come to you—How I love you!—But I muſt give you a name:—Let me ſee——What ſhall I call you?—Ball, I think. —Well, Ball: I will be quite good to you; I will tend, and feed you; I will not ride too hard, to hurt your feet—nor trot on hard road—nor go too faſt down hill; that would throw you down, and cut your knees.—I will pat your neck when

(The New Toy, continued.)

when I mount; I will teach you to know me.—When I come to get up, you will turn your head—you will ſeem to ſay—" I like to have you get on my back."

V.

Now it is night—You muſt have a nice bed—I have rode you a long way; ſo I muſt take great care of you.—I will put Tom in mind to tend you—He muſt do that the firſt thing at the inn—We muſt ſee that you

(The New Toy, continued.)

you have good corn and nice hay, and clean, dry ſtraw; and they muſt waſh the hot ſand out of your feet, elſe they will ache; and you will grow lame—This will cool your feet.

VI.

The next day I ſhall ſay, I want to ſet off at ſix:—Tom, I hope you ſaw that poor Ball had all he could want.—We muſt do as we would be done by.—We like good food—We

(The New Toy, concluded.)

are glad of a good bed—We wiſh to lie down and reſt:—I think, if I were a horſe, what ſhould I like?—And that I do for mine.—He makes uſe of his ſtrength to ſerve me; and I will be kind to him.

DIALOGUE ON DOLLS,

Between Two little Girls.

Let us dreſs the doll.

With all my heart—Where are her clothes?

(Dialogue on Dolls, continued.)

Here they are:—ſome in the cheſt; and ſome hang in the preſs.

Well, that is a nice preſs.—I have a trunk, and a ſmall box, with a lock and key.

Here are her ſhift and coats—Thoſe are her beſt ſhoes.

We will not put them on—She will ſpoil her ſilk ſhoes—Where are the ſtuff ones?—They are beſt to walk in.

What gown ſhall ſhe put on?

She

(Dialogue on Dolls, continued.)

She muſt wear her white gown.

I will take it out——Here it is.

Stay !—Do not put it on yet.—I muſt lace her ſtays.

Now get her hat and cloak—We will take her out with us.

Let me fetch her gloves.

My doll has a ſhawl; and ſhe has a muff.—She wears them when it is cold.

It is too warm now for a cloak.

(Dialogue on Dolls, continued.)

I have a piece of gauze—We will make a cloak of that.

So we will—We can cut it by her ſilk one.

Let us trim it with lace.

But where ſhall we get it?

I have ſome, which I will give you.

I thank you—that will be nice.

I like a black gauze cloak.

Who gave you the gauze?

My

(Dialogue on Dolls, concluded.)

My aunt Smyth—It was an odd ſnip—She does not buy for dolls.

No; nor we muſt not cut up for our dolls, what would be of uſe.—Nurſe ſays to me, "Miſs! that rag would make a cap for a babe: you muſt not ſpoil it."—But this would do them no good: babes do not wear gauze; nor would it keep poor folk warm.

THE COW.

Mam-ma	in-to
but-ter	ma-ny
pud-dings	diſh-es
chil-dren	of-ten
re-ſtore	weak-ly
per-ſons	u-ſed.

The cow gives us milk; the milk is for her calf; the calf is her child; ſhe gives it ſuck; but can ſpare ſome milk for us.—The cow chews the cud.

What is that, mamma?

She

She fills her paunch with long graſs: this ſhe licks up in great haſte; her tongue is rough to catch it; then ſhe lies down, or ſtands ſtill, and brings up the graſs into her mouth, and chews it.

Of milk we make butter, cheeſe, and many good things. Milk and cream are uſed for cakes, puddings, and ſo on; and for many nice diſhes.—Milk is the chief food of young children, and will often reſtore ſick and weakly perſons to health.

THE

THE GNAT.

A-bout	a-gain
it-ſelf	num-ber
ſure-ly	ma-ny
of-ten	Lap-land
in-to	whiſk-ing
ri-ſes	bot-tom
win-dow	wa-ter.

Dear! look on the window—What a number of gnats!—Surely you have more gnats here than in all the world—Why is that?

You

(The Gnat, continued.)

You ſee we have a moat juſt by the houſe: they are born there.

But, mamma, gnats fly in the air: they can not ſwim; can they?

No.

Then how is it that they live there?

Nurſe ſays to me, "Do not go near the pond—You can not ſwim; and you will drown if you fall into the water."

I will

(The Gnat, continued.)

I will tell you as much as will ſuit you now—Gnats lay their eggs in water: the eggs hatch to a ſort of grub or worm.

And where do the grubs live?

In the pond; and they change to an odd thing, which friſks up and down all day.

I wiſh I could ſee them.

You ſhall.—I will have a tub ſet out: the gnats will lay their eggs in it; and we will take

ſome

(The Gnat, continued.)

ſome in a glaſs, and ſet it by: they will pleaſe you, they are ſo briſk.

But do the young ones fly?

When they get wings, (that is, when they are gnats) they come out of the water; then, if they fell in again, they would drown, as you would.

How ſtrange that is!—Can you tell me ſome more?

The gnat lays its eggs on a lay of glue, on the brink of a pond: on this they float, elſe they

(The Gnat, continued.)

they would ſink: this ſhe makes faſt to a root, or ſome ſuch thing, leſt the wind ſhould drive it where it might be too cold for them to hatch.

I will draw the nymph, as we call the odd thing which you will ſee in the water.—— There—look at it:—and there is the gnat—and there it is made to look as large as in a glaſs.—See what a fine plume it has on its head!—But this

is

(The Gnat, concluded.)

is the thing which lives in the water: it comes up to the top, whiſking itſelf about as it riſes; then it will plunge again to the bottom:—ſo it does all day long.

The fiſh are fond of the grubs; ſo are ducks.—In Lapland there are great lakes, and of courſe many gnats breed there; ſo the ducks go and hatch their young there, for the ſake of this food.

Get your map, and look for Lapland.

THE BABE.

pa-rents with-out
noth-ing be-fore
re-mem-ber trou-ble.

Such a thing as that were you:—ſuch we were all.—See how weak it ſeems!—a babe can not do the leaſt thing for it ſelf:—a babe muſt die if it were left without care; it muſt be taught to walk; it muſt learn to ſpeak: in ſhort, it can do nothing, but as it is taught.

How, then, ſhould you thank your dear mamma, who took

ſuch pains with you:—How much trouble ſhe had before you can remember!—How good you ought to be, now you know this!—What care you ſhould take not to grieve your kind parents!

Thoſe who have ſeen *L'Ami des Enfans* (and who has not?) will recollect *Le Petit Frere*; in which this leſſon is inculcated in a beautiful manner. The dramas are all charming; but that in particular, as it tends ſo peculiarly to give an amiable turn to the diſpoſition of an elder child on occaſion of the birth of an infant; an event which ſometimes raiſes a train of evil paſſions, through the miſtaken management of thoſe in the Nurſery.

QUESTIONS.

A-broad	bed-gown
car-ry	draw-ers
o-pen	ba-by
cra-dle	ſtock-ings
bon-net	co-lour
un-dreſs	ear-rings.

Is your's a wax doll?

Does ſhe open her eyes?

Has ſhe a cloak?—and a bonnet?

What colour is her hair?

Is ſhe dreſt as a baby?

May I ſee her?

Do her clothes fit?—Does ſhe go to undreſs?

Have you a cradle?

Has ſhe a bed-gown?

Who made her ſhift?

Do you carry her abroad?

Who knit her ſtockings?

Who made her ſhoes?

What is her cradle quilt?

Has ſhe got ear-rings?

Is her hat made of ſilk?

Where do you keep her clothes?

Have you a cheſt of drawers?

ADMIRATION.

Ad-mire	joint-ed
muſ-lin	neat-ly
pret-ty	charm-ing

Oh, dear! a jointed doll!

And her head turns!

How pretty this dreſs is!

I admire the muſlin!

How fine it is!—and how neat the work!

See how her arms turn!

And how well I can make her walk!

Well! I do like a jointed doll!

How

How neatly the gown is made!

What a nice coat!

And her ſhoes are wrought!

And here is a ſhawl!

Look at her ſhoes!

What a ſweet hat!

And ſuch a cloak!

And ſee her neat gloves!

THE FLIES.

Ar-my	af-ter
ap-pear	dif-tant
dif-cern	ex-plain
in-dulge	glaſſ-es
nee-dle	pig-mies

ac-

(The Flies, continued.)

ac-count	giv-ing
in-ſect	can-not
dart-ing	dra-gon
gen-tly	hun-dred
med-dle	net-work
o-cean	ſum-mer
per-ſons	ſil-ly
giv-ing	fai-ries
won-ders	pic-tures
ap-pear-ed	whe-ther
ſto-ries	to-mor-row
o-pen	win-dows
a-ny-thing	ma-ny
a-way	cor-ner.

This

(The Flies, continued.)

This is a pretty inſect,

Do not meddle with it.

Will it ſting?—or bite?

Oh no! it will not hurt you; but you cannot touch it ſo gently but you would hurt it.

Mamma, what is it?

It is a dragon fly.—See what clear net-work wings it has.

And oh, mamma! what eyes! —Oh! it is flown away.

In the ſummer we ſhall ſee many of them darting about ſo nimbly after the flies!

I ſhould

(The Flies, continued.)

I ſhould have liked to catch it, mamma, if I might.

I will ſhew you a picture of ſome; and you ſhall read accounts of them:—and you ſhall ſee inſects in glaſſes—*they* are dead; and you may ſee them without giving pain to any thing.

Mamma! here is a dead fly in the corner of the window.

Bring it; and you ſhall have my pocket glaſs.

Look

(The Flies, continued.)

Look at the eyes: it has many hundred eyes.—To a fly, a tea-cup is an ocean, and their food ſo ſmall, we can but juſt ſee it.—We know not how things appear to them: but ſome perſons have looked through the eyes of flies: this they did by means of glaſſes; I cannot explain to you how; but I can tell you what account they gave—that things appeared leſs than they were.—

A ſol-

(The Flies, concluded.)

A ſoldier looked like one of an army of pigmies; a church appeared ſo ſmall, that the ſpire was like a needle. They could diſcern a houſe at a great diſtance, and even ſee whether the windows and doors were open or ſhut.—Now *theſe* are ſuch wonders as I wiſh you to ſeek after—not ſilly ſtories of Fairies. —I will indulge you to-morrow with ſome more.

THE

THE PONEY.

Po-ney	col-our
ſad-dle	ſor-rel
bri-dle	a-live
up-on	gal-lop
man-age	ve-ry
gen-tle	a-way
pret-ty	charm-ing
crea-ture	ſat-in
ſnaf-fle	ſtir-rup.

Come and ſee my poney.
What colour is he?
He is ſorrel
Do you ride with a ſaddle?

Have you ſtirrups?

He is a pretty creature.

His ſkin is like ſatin.

I long to ride upon him.

Can you manage him?

Does he gallop well?

What ſort of bridle have you?—Is it a ſnaffle?

He does not run away.

He is a charming creature!

I admire your horſe!

Where was he bought?

Who gave it you?

What a nice mane!

And a long tail, like ſilk!

THE NEST.

Al-ways	at-tend
de-light	do-ing
fea-thers	i-dle
in-deed	in-ſtruct
la-bour	lit-tle
leſ-ſons	mo-thers
morn-ing	naugh-ty
ob-ſerve	pa-rents
pa-tience	plea-ſed
pleaſ-ure	pro-vides
ſub-mit	a-mong
mam-ma	of-fend.

I will not have Tom bring you neſts—tell him he muſt

(The Neſt, continued.)

not take them: a neſt is the poor bird's houſe; it is to rear her young ones in—Poor thing! it is a great loſs: it takes a long time to make one.

Who makes neſts?

The old birds make them.

With what do they make them?

With hay, ſtraw, ſticks, leaves, moſs, and more things than I can name; then they line them with wool, with feathers, and with down off their own breaſts.

Why

(The Neſt, continued.)

Why do they line them?

To make them ſoft and warm for their young.

What pains they muſt take to get all thoſe things!

They have pleaſure in the work: it is for their young.—Look among the Poor:—Parents delight in the labour which provides for their children.——Obſerve the Rich:—Mothers ſubmit with patience to inſtruct their little ones.

(The Neſt, continued.)

Do you love to teach me?

Very much indeed, when you attend:—this morning I was quite pleaſed when you were doing your leſſons *(kiſsing him)* —but when you are idle——

Mamma! I will not be idle—I will always try to pleaſe you?

I hope you will.—When you meet with naughty boys at ſchool, you muſt not learn their bad tricks: you muſt think

(The Neſt, continued.)

think of me: you muſt ſay to your ſelf—Would my mamma like this?—No: it would vex and grieve her who loves me, and taught me to be good.——My dear boy!

Mamma! I will not take neſts—nor ſpoil bird's eggs.—It would be wrong to pleaſe myſelf in a way that would offend you, or give pain to a poor bird.

DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE.

Two little Girls talk about DOLLS.

baſ-ket	muſ-lin
jack-et	cuſh-i-on
dreſs-ed	ſciſ-ſars
cot-ton	pur-ple
ſtri-ped	morn-ings
cal-i-co	thread-caſe
col-our-ed	nee-dle-book
af-ter-noon	work-baſ-ket.

How is your doll dreſſed?
She has three gowns.
What are they?
Her beſt is white muſlin.

And

And what has ſhe elſe?

For mornings, ſhe has cotton.

And what for afternoons?

A calico jacket.

Is it white? or coloured?

It is ſtriped with purple.

Can you work for your doll?

Oh, yes! I make all her things.

My doll has a bag for her work—and ſhe has a cuſhion—and a needle-book.

Did you ſee my doll's work-baſket?—and the ſciſſars?—and the thread-caſe?

Yes.

THE

THE FLOWERS.

A-lone	ho-ney
bloſ-ſom	cru-el
gar-den	flow-ers
lit-tle	up-on
bu-ſy	car-ry
in-to	can-dles.

Two little Girls in a Garden.

This roſe is mine:—Will you like a bud?

If you pleaſe: pluck but one for me.

Do you work in your garden?

I have

(The Flowers, continued).

I have none: we live where there is no ground.—There are pots in the houſe; but I muſt not touch them; and they will not let me ſtay in the court.

Well! I ſhould not like to live in town.—I love trees, and birds; and I like to work in my own bit of ground.—Let us go to work—Will you like to help?

Oh, yes! but you muſt tell me what I am to do.

We

(The Flowers, concluded.)

We muſt tie up theſe pinks. I have been at my aunt's a few days; and my garden is grown quite wild; and John is gone to ſchool—When he comes home, he will dig it for me.

How ſweet theſe peaſe are!

You ſhall have ſome ſeeds when they are ripe: peaſe will grow in pots.

I thank you—and I hope you will teach me how to ſet them in the mould.—I have no ſkill in this.

THE

THE BEES.

The ſame little Girls.

A-lone	bu-ſy
hon-ey	car-ry
bloſ-ſom	lit-tle
flow-er	can-not
car-ry	cru-el
can-dles	ma-ny.

Oh! let us go:—The bees will ſting.

They will not hurt you, if you let them alone.---I love to ſee them.---Look how buſy they

 are.---

(The Bees, continued.)

are.---They get honey and wax, and carry them to the hive.

Where do they get them?---I wiſh I could find the honey.

We can find it, and can get a drop:---Suck that bloſſom.

How nice it is!---But there is ſo little!---how can the bees get it?

They have a long trunk, which they thruſt into the flower; and they lick ſome off the leaves.

But

(The Bees, continued.)

But you have not ſhewn me the wax.

I cannot do that:---It is not wax till the bees get it home to the hive.

How do they carry the honey and wax?

The honey is ſnug in a bag: cruel boys kill the bees to get it.---The wax they carry in little cells in their thighs:---Look cloſe, and you may ſee them: ---See! that bee has a good

 load:---

(The Bees, continued.)

load:---She will eat thoſe balls, and ſo turn them to wax.

What kind of wax are candles made of?

Bees wax:---All the wax we have is made by bees.---I have ſeen the comb as it is in the hive.

Do ſhew it to me.

I cannot do that, but in a book:---The cells are all the ſame; they have ſix ſides:----I will ſhew you the book.---The bees

(The Bees, concluded.)

bees have a queen.---There are a great many bees which work, and ſome, which are drones:--- they do not.---The young bees are grubs: they have no wings at firſt.

I long to read in the book.

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE.

A-way a-fraid
bar-gain be-ing
be-long bet-ter
crea-ture cri-ed

 giv-en

(The Little Captive, continued.)

giv-en	go-ing
in-to	lit-tle
liv-ing	Ma-ry
mon-ey	naugh-ty
oth-er	mam-ma
plea-ſed	pun-iſh
re-joice	re-turn
ſeem-ed	ſto-len
ſup-poſe	ve-ry
wick-ed	hap-py.

What have you done with your money?

I have given it away, mamma.

To

(The Little Captive, continued.)

To whom did you give it, my dear?

To a naughty boy, mamma.

I ſuppoſe, then, you gave it him to make him better.

Yes, mamma.——Do not birds belong to God?

Yes, my dear: we, and all other living beings, belong to God:—We are all God's creatures.

Well, mamma; this wicked boy had ſtolen a bird from the good

(The Little Captive, continued.)

good God, and was going to ſell it.—The poor bird cried as loud as it could; and the naughty boy took it by the beak, that it might not cry:—it ſeemed as if he were afraid God ſhould hear the poor bird, and puniſh him.

God hears every cry, and will puniſh the wicked.—What did you do, Mary?

Mamma, I gave my money to the little boy, that he might return the bird.

(The Little Captive, concluded.)

You did well.

Oh, mamma! if you had ſeen the bird, how it did rejoice when we let it fly—you would have been pleaſed.

I am very much pleaſed.—As you made ſo good an uſe of your money, there is ſome more for you, and a kiſs into the bargain.

I thank you, mamma; and it ſhall be my aim to make God's creatures happy.

DOLL's

DOLL's HOUSE.

Bro-ther	ba-ſin
bot-tle	bor-der
bu-reau	car-pet
com-mode	draw-ers
el-bow	fur-niſh
for-get	hang-ings
pa-per	pem-broke
pro-miſe	ſome-thing
ſur-prize	ma-king
ſat-tin	ſo-fa
ta-ble	ward-robe
waſh-ing	won-der
work-ing	yel-low
ze-bra	bet-ter.

We

(Doll's Houſe, continued.)

We muſt furniſh the houſe.—Let us have a ſofa.

I have a bit of ſattin.

We will have two elbow chairs.

My brother has bought us three tables: there is a round table, a leaf-table, and a pembroke.

Suſan has a bureau for us.

I have a promiſe of a cheſt of drawers.

Edward is making ſomething: I wonder what it is.

I know;

(Doll's House, continued.)

I know; but I muſt not tell.

He wants to ſurpriſe us;—I gueſs it is a wardrobe.

Jane has a commode table for her doll.

What is the bed to be?

White cotton, with a border.

I am working a carpet.

Let us make a liſt of what we want——A bottle and baſin; a waſhing-ſtand, and a ſcreen.—Are they ſet down?—Do not forget a glaſs.

Shall

(Doll's Houſe, concluded.)

Shall we paper the room?

I have ſome nice yellow paper.

And I have a piece of zebra ſattin.

That will do for chairs.

Let us go hard to work.

We have not half the things for the houſe.

Let us make up what we have; and when we have done this, we ſhall ſee better what we want.

THE BIRD.

I.

Moth-er	on-ly
gar-den	be-fore
chil-dren	giv-en
can-not	lit-tle
hey-day	wait-ed
a-ware	feath-ers
Heed-leſs	my-ſelf
morn-ing	Si-mon
a-lone	ſoft-ly
be-come	a-way
run-ning.	Si-mon

Mother!

(The Bird, continued.)

Mother! Mother! (cried little Simon, quite out of breath)—only look what is in my hat.

Mother.—Hey-day! a little bird!—and where did you get it?

Simon.—I found a neſt this morning in the garden hedge;—ſo I waited till it was night; and then I crept ſoftly to the buſh; and before the bird was aware—pop! I caught it by the wings.

Mother.—And was it alone in the neſt?

(The Bird, continued.)

Simon.—Oh, no, Mother! all its children were there too; but they are ſuch little things—they have no feathers yet; ſo they cannot get away.

Mother.—And what would you do with the bird?

Simon.—Tom Heedleſs has given me a cage—I ſhall put the bird in that.

Mother.—And what will become of the poor little ones?

Simon.—Oh, I ſhall take them too, and feed them myſelf.

(The Bird, continued.)

II.

Cru-el	on-ly
ſee-ing	ta-ken
ſath-er	mere-ly
ſiſ-ter	a-ble
cham-ber	land-lord
watch-ing	diſ-courſe
plea-ſure	chan-ced
miſ-chief	cry-ing
mat-ter	mere-ly
ev-e-ry	cuſ-to-dy
priſ-on-ers	al-low-ed
con-fi-ned	lib-er-ty
Stea-dy	catch-ing.

(The Bird, continued.)

Mr. Steady (his father's landlord) chanced to hear this diſcourſe, and called to him—"Simon!"—catching hold of him.

Simon.—Sir!

Mr. Steady.—Where is your father? that I may have him taken into cuſtody?

Simon.—Dear Sir! what has he done?

Mr. Steady.—No matter for that—And you, and your ſiſter —I ſhall

(The Bird, continued.)

—I ſhall make you all priſoners.

Simon.—O dear! O dear!—What will you do with us?

Mr. Steady.—You ſhall only be confined in the little chamber over the tool-houſe, and never be allowed to go out of it.

Simon.—How cruel!——Dear Sir, do not.

Mr. Steady.—You will have no harm done to you:—You ſhall

(The Bird, continued.)

ſhall have meat and drink every day, and will merely be robbed of your liberty, and the pleaſure of ſeeing your mother again.

(Simon fell a crying.)

What ails you, Simon?—Is it ſo great a miſchief to be ſhut up in a room?—I have told you, you will have meat and drink.

Simon ſobbed too much to be able to ſpeak.—In the next leſſon you ſhall hear the reſt of the ſtory.

III.

(The Bird, continued.)

III.

Si-mon	Stea-dy
en-joy	fu-ture
for-row	ſup-poſe
there-fore	crea-ture
con-fi-ned	un-hap-py
in-no-cent	di-rect-ly
joy-ful-ly	cer-tain-ly
lib-er-ty	un-der-ſtand
miſ-e-ry	ter-ri-fied
ad-vice	threat-en-ed
hap-py	rea-dy
al-ways	o-bey.

While Simon kept crying, Mr. Steady ſaid—"I ſhall only treat you as you treat this poor bird and

(The Bird, continued.)

and his little ones:—If, therefore, you would be unhappy, do you not ſuppoſe the birds would be the ſame?

Simon (ſtill crying).—Oh! I will go and let the bird fly directly——Go, little bird—Go, free as air!

(The bird flew joyfully away.)

Mr. Steady.—Good boy! You have now done as you would be done by:—You ſhall none of you be confined: I only wanted to make you underſtand how ill

(The Bird, continued.)

ill you would act, if you confined this poor little creature.—Juſt as you were terrified when I threatened to ſeize and put you in priſon, the bird was terrified when you robbed him of his liberty.

Mother.—I am ſure, Sir, this did not come into his mind, or certainly he would never have taken the bird.—Is it not true, my dear?

Simon.—Yes, indeed, mother; for I never thought of all that.

Mr.

(The Bird, concluded.)

Mr. Steady.—Well, think of it then in future; and forget not that theſe innocent little creatures were made to enjoy their liberty; and that it is very cruel to fill their ſhort life with miſery and ſorrow.

Simon.—Oh! what a great thing it is to have friends who wiſh to make one wiſe and good!—I need your advice.—I hope you will always tell me when I do wrong.—I ſhall ſtill be happy to learn, and ready to obey.

THE

THE HUNGRY BOY.

A-bove	break-faſt
bleſs-ing	couſ-in
Ed-ward	dy-ing
flow-ers	hun-ger
moth-er	munch-ing
mor-ſel	morn-ing
re-turn	ſeem-ed
thou-ſand	wo-man
walk-ed	hun-gry.

Tom Bold walked out one morning with his couſin Edward :—They went to ſeek for flowers :—Each had his break-

(The Hungry Boy, continued.)

ſaſt in his hand.---They were met by a poor woman, who had a child in her arms, which ſeemed to be dying with hunger. —Ah, my dear Sir! (ſaid ſhe to Tom, who was firſt), give my poor child a morſel of bread.

I am hungry myſelf, ſaid he, and walked on, munching his breakfaſt.

But what did Edward do?

He was as hungry as his couſin; but, as he ſaw the poor child cry for food, he gave him his

his bread; and the woman, in return, gave him a thouſand bleſsings; which God heard from above.

THE NOSEGAY.

A-way	a-gain
a-lert	ga-ther
go-ing	good-neſs
charm-ing	help-ing
in-to	mea-dow
noth-ing	noſe-gay
of-fer	o-ver
o-blige	re-turn
ſhab-by	thank-ed
ſer-vice	hap-py
him-ſelf	o-thers
plea-ſure	do-ing.

(The Noſegay, continued.)

The next day, theſe two boys went out again:—They met the ſame child, who thanked Edward for his goodneſs; and ſaid, Sir, I have nothing to offer you in return:—but I was going to gather ſome flowers to bring to you:—My mother ſaid, it would ſhew my wiſh to oblige.

Come with us, then, ſaid Edward.

They went into a meadow full of charming wild flowers—

The

(The Noſegay, concluded.)

The poor boy was alert in helping to gather, and ſoon gave to Edward ſuch a great noſegay, that he could but juſt peep over it, to ſee his way home.—That which Tom got was ſo ſhabby, that he threw it away.—I hope Tom will learn to be kind to the poor:—he may want their ſervice.—And if he would be happy himſelf, he muſt be kind to others.—The beſt pleaſure in the world is the pleaſure of doing good.

THE BUCKLE.

A-bout	aſ-ſiſt
beg-ged	buc-kle
buc-kled	be-fore
flow-ers	care-leſs
call-ed	car-ry
ea-ger	feel-ing
for-ced	fi-neſt
par-ty	in-deed
kind-neſs	lit-tle
re-ward	ſeek-ing
ſtoop-ing	ra-ther.

The third day, they went out again on the ſame ſcheme; and little Henry was of the party:—

Henry

Henry was rather careleſs, and in his haſte had buckled his ſhoes ſo ill, that one of his buckles came off:—He begged his friends to aſsiſt him in ſeeking it.——Tom called out, Indeed I have no time—and ran on.——Edward ſtood ſtill, and ſaid, I will help you; and then, ſtooping to the ground, and feeling about, he had the good luck to find it.—Henry was eager to reward him for his kindneſs: he choſe all the fineſt flowers, and made up ſuch a bunch,

a bunch, that Edward could not place it before him, but was forced to carry it home in his hand.

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

A-lone	a-ny
baſ-ket	bet-ter
cho-ſen	cri-ed
cloſ-et	ear-ly
glad-ly	march-ing
ni-ceſt	preſ-ent
pick-ed	ſup-poſe
ſuc-ceed	ve-ry
hap-py	in-to
an-other	e-qual-ly
a-long	flow-er.

Tom

Tom thought he ſhould ſucceed better if he went alone; ſo he ſtole early to the field.—As he was marching along very faſt, he met the poor little boy, who you know was ſo hungry, with a baſket.——Well, cried Tom, you are ſure of a breakfaſt this morning.—What have you got there?—But I ſuppoſe you will not give me any of your nice things.

Indeed I would gladly, if I had any; but I have no food here.

In

In fact, the baſket was full of the niceſt flowers: theſe were choſen with great care, and brought as a preſent for Edward: ſome of them were choice plants, with roots.—— When he got to the houſe, he ran to Edward.—Give me leave, ſaid he, to preſent to you this baſket: it was a gift to me from a kind friend; and I am happy to put it into the hands of another friend, equally kind.

THE

THE IVITATION.

A-greed	al-low
af-ter	a-muſe
birth-day	cloſe-ly
for-get	frol-ic
fid-dle	gar-den
hap-py	him-ſelf
in-dulge	kind-neſs
learn-ing	leſ-ſons
Mon-day	pic-tures
pro-miſe	our-ſelves
viſ-it	ear-ly.

Henry did not forget the kindneſs he had met with from Edward:—A few days after, he came,

(The Invitation, continued.)

came, and ſaid, Next Monday is my birth-day: I am to have ſome friends to viſit me; and I hope your mamma will allow you to come: We have leave to amuſe ourſelves in the garden: Papa plays with us himſelf: We ſee pictures; we read ſtories; we have a fiddle; and they who like it, dance; we are quite happy; will you come?——They went in, to aſk leave of Edward's mamma; and ſhe was ſo good as to promiſe

to indulge his wish to visit his friend Henry;—and they agreed that they would rise very early on Monday, and sit closely to their lessons, so as to lose no learning by their frolic.

THE WATCH.

A-live	a-sleep
be-fore	charm-ing
dream-ing	de-sign-ed
hith-er	lit-tle
mo-ther	mon-ey
e-nough	in-deed

(The Watch, continued.)

paint-er	with-out
nev-er	par-don
her-ſelf	ſub-ject
guar-dian	your-ſelf
on-ly	di-ed
giv-ing	fig-ure
ſath-er	high-neſs
de-ſi-red	want-ed

Prince.—Come, come, little man; wake yourſelf:—See what o'clock it is by your watch.

Page.—What, Sir! did you ſpeak?—Sir!—What!

Prince.—

(The Watch, continued.)

Prince.—Why, you are dead aſleep!—What a droll little figure he makes!—He would be a charming ſubject juſt now for a painter.—I deſired you to ſee what o'clock it was by your watch.

Page.—I beg your Highneſs's pardon.—I have no watch.

Prince.—Are you dreaming ſtill?—or have you, in fact, no watch?

(The Watch, continued.)

Page.—Indeed, Sir, I never had one in my life.

Prince.—How! Never had one!—Has your father ſent you hither without giving you what is wanted?—the only thing that in your place you can want.

Page.—My father!—ah! if he were alive——

Prince.—Is he dead?

Page.—He died before I was born:—I never knew him, nor ſaw him.

Prince.

(The Watch, continued.)

Prince.—Poor thing!——But your mother, or your guardian, ought to have thought for you.

Page.—My mother, Sir?—What! don't you know her, then?—She has got no money herſelf; ſhe is quite poor: all that ſhe had, ſhe ſpent upon me; but it was not enough to buy me a watch.

Prince.—Here, then, my little friend; take this light; be ſure you hold it faſt—In that cloſet

you will ſee a watch hung up at each ſide of the glaſs—Bring that at your right hand.

THE GARDENS.

I.

A-bout	ad-vice
chil-dren	fa-ther
for-ced	for-get
fol-low	i-dle
lif-ten	nev-er
no-thing	oft-en
old-er	pa-rents
per-ſons	re-late
ſil-ly	ſto-ries
ſpeak-ing	unleſs
warn-ing	for-got.

Tom

(The Gardens, continued.)

Tom Giddy was a ſilly, idle boy: his father often told him, that children know nothing but what older perſons are ſo kind as to tell them; and can never grow wiſe, unleſs they follow the advice of their parents and friends:—But Tom did not liſten to what was ſaid to him; or, if he was forced to hear, he forgot as ſoon as his friends left off ſpeaking.

Children often do like Tom Giddy; and, as a warning to them,

(The Gardens, continued.)

them, I will relate a few ſtories about him.

II.

Flip-pant	flow-ers
gar-den	giv-en
li-ked	maſ-ter
man-ner	of-fer
Rob-ert	ſer-vice
want-ed	work-ed

Tom Giddy had a bit of ground given him for a garden. —Robert worked for his father; and he was ſo kind as to make

(The Gardens, continued.)

make him an offer of ſervice; but Tom ſaid, in a flippant manner, that the garden was his own, and he ſhould do as he liked, and wanted none of his advice.—"Very well, maſter," ſaid Robert, "we ſhall ſee how your flowers thrive."

III.

Fan-cy	fol-ly
flow-er	ga-ther
him-ſelf	jon-quil
ma-ny	man-ner
	mo-ment

(The Gardens, continued.)

mo-ment	o-ther
plant-ing	plea-ſed
lil-lies	ſmi-led
tulips.	ſil-ly

Tom's way of planting was this:—When he ſaw a flower which pleaſed him, he would gather it, and ſtick it by the ſtalk in the ground. In this manner he planted tulips, jonquils, lillies, and many other flowers, which took his fancy at the moment.—Robert ſmiled at his folly, but left the ſilly boy to himſelf.

IV.

(The Gardens, continued.)

IV.

Af-ter	bend-ing
cha-grin	droop-ing
fa-ded	con-vince
morn-ing	plant-ed
in-to	ſee-ing
man-ner	ſha-red
viſ-it	wea-ry
him-ſelf	im-pu-ted
with-er	fol-ly.

The next morning after Tom had planted his flowers, he ran into the garden to viſit them—But what was his chagrin, to

(The Gardens, continued.)

find them all faded, drooping, and bending their heads down to the ground:—But this did not convince him of his folly: he planted more in the ſame manner; and, the next day, ſaw that they had ſhared the ſame fate.—He ſoon grew weary of planting one day, and ſeeing the flowers wither the next; and took no more thought of his garden.—He ſtill thought himſelf too wiſe to be taught, and imputed his loſs to a bad ſoil.

V.

(The Gardens, continued.)

V.

A-broad	bar-row
chick-weed	cea-fed
car-rots	de-light
gar-den	ground-fel
in-ſtead	pie-ces
plea-ſure	rot-ted
rub-biſh	tow-ards
tur-nips	thiſ-tles
trou-ble	roll-er

Tom's garden was ſoon full of thiſtles, groundſel, chickweed, and all kinds of rubbiſh; he took no pleaſure in it; nor did he go to look at it: his bar-

(The Gardens, continued.)

row ſtood abroad, and rotted; his roller fell in pieces; and he, inſtead of taking delight in his ground, ceaſed to walk towards the place; ſo it was ſoon dug up, and turnips and carrots ſet in it.

VI.

A-bove	ad-vice
ad-van-tage	be-ha-ved
be-cauſe	de-light-ed
dif-fer-ent	ear-ly
ea-ger-ly	gar-den-er
hy-a-cinth	man-age
poſ-ſi-ble	re-joi-ced
vi-o-lets	Stea-dy.

John

(The Gardens, continued.)

John Steady behaved in a very different manner: he ran eagerly to the gardener, to aſk his advice how to manage his bit of ground to the beſt advantage—I wiſh to have both flowers and fruit, if it be poſſible: but pray let me have ſome early violets, becauſe my mamma is ſo fond of them; and a hyacinth or two, for Jane:—I ſhall be rejoiced to have one to give her next ſpring.

(The Gardens, continued.)

VII.

Ac-quaint-ed	be-lie-ving
blof-ſoms	beau-ti-ful
bul-bous	com-plain
de-ſcri-bed	laugh-ed
maſ-ter	miſ-chief
ob-ſer-vance	pro-duce
pluck-ed	ral-li-ed
ſome-times	Gid-dy
Ro-bert	of-fence
for-give	ad-vi-ſed.

The two boys whoſe gardens I have ſpoke of now and then met, as their parents were acquainted.

Giddy

(The Gardens, continued.)

Giddy laughed at little Steady, for his obſervance; rallied him for believing that ſuch ugly things as bulbous roots could produce beautiful flowers;—plucked off the bloſſoms of beans, to ſmell to them;—and, in ſhort, did ſo much miſchief, that Robert was adviſed to complain to his maſter, but was ſo kind as to forgive the offence, when Giddy ſaid he would do no more harm.

(The Gardens, continued.)

VIII.

Beau-ti-ful	bud-ding
cir-cles	col-our
de-li-ci-ous	ex-a-mine
fi-neſt	plant-ed
ſome-thing	ſeem-ed
ſtraw-ber-ries	walk-ing.

One day, at the end of the ſpring, theſe two boys were walking in Steady's garden.—Tom ſaw ſomething red, that ſeemed budding in the midſt of thick circles of green:—

He

(The Gardens, continued.)

He went to examine it, and found the fineſt ſtrawberries, beautiful in their colour, and delicious in their taſte.——Oh, dear! ſaid he, that I had but planted ſome of theſe in my garden!—Do you think they would grow in it?

Yes, ſaid Steady, I have ſeen ſome there, as good as mine—but not ſince you had the ground in your own hands.

(The Gardens, continued.)

IX.

Ad-vice	a-gain
an-oth-er	be-tween
bunch-es	cre-ate
com-pa-ny	de-ſpiſe
free-ly	hang-ing
in-vi-ting	pow-er
paſſ-ed	ob-ſer-ved
ex-pe-ri-ence	e-qual-ly
ver-mil-li-on	in-ſtant-ly
lit-tle	ap-pe-tite
fa-ther	plant-ed
your-ſelf	gar-den
im-i-tate	hum-bly
him-ſelf	cur-rants.

Another

(The Gardens, continued.)

Another time, Tom Giddy paſſed Steady's garden, in company with his father. He obſerved ſome little round things, of a deep vermillion, hanging in bunches between the leaves of a thick buſh—He inſtantly went up to them—They were currants, ſo fine, ripe and inviting, that only to look at them, might create an appetite.

Ah! cried he again, if I had but planted ſome of theſe in my garden!

You

(The Gardens, concluded.)

You may eat of them as freely as if they were your own, ſaid Steady.

It was in your power, ſaid his father to him, to have had ſome equally good;—ſo pray take care for the time to come, not to deſpiſe the advice of thoſe who have had more experience than yourſelf.——Imitate your friend Steady:—Though he has much ſkill, he thinks humbly of himſelf.—Had you been like him, your garden might have been like his.

THE

THE LITTLE FLOCK.

Bet-ty	a-long
feed-ing	or-chard
dri-ving	bleat-ings
an-oth-er	ſor-row-ful
ſto-ry	ba-ſin
fa-ther's	morn-ing
mar-ket	with-out
an-i-mal	lit-tle
be-fore	a-broad
break-faſt	jum-bling
your-ſelf	ex-cel-lent
ap-pe-tite	eat-ing
diſ-mal	pla-ced
be-gan	heap-ed
car-ri-er	un-der.

You

(The Little Flock, continued.)

You know Betty Mean.—You ſaw her ſheep feeding in the orchard—You ſhall hear how ſhe came by them.—You love a ſtory, and about a perſon you know too; ſo I will tell you one of her, when ſhe was a little girl.

One fine morning, ſhe had leave to eat her breakfaſt out of doors: ſhe loved to ſit abroad; ſo ſhe went into a lane juſt by her father's houſe:—There ſhe ſat down at the foot of a

(The Little Flock, continued.)

bank, and placed her basin of milk on her lap—She began to dip her brown bread, and was eating it with an excellent appetite, when a carrier came past—He was driving live lambs to market; they were in a cart, jumbling along—while the poor little animals heaped one upon another, with their legs tied, and their heads drooping, filled the air with sorrowful bleatings: these dismal notes went to the heart of little Betty, though the

(The Little Flock, continued.)

carrier heard them without pity. When he came up to her, he flung a poor little lamb before her, that he was carrying by the heels upon his ſhoulder.—There, child, cried he, is a beaſt that has juſt died to cheat me of a crown: take it, if you will, and make yourſelf a feaſt with it.—He left the lamb, and went on his way with the reſt of the animals under his care.

II.

(The Little Flock, continued.)

II.

A-gain	in-ſtead
de-ſcribe	breath-ing
dif-fi-cult	com-paſ-ſion
o-pen	no-thing
look-ed	warm-er
por-rin-ger	pet-ti-coat
ſor-ry	talk-ing
re-vive	ſhew-ed
ut-moſt	al-moſt
noſ-trils	put-ting
crea-ture	to-day
to-morrow	bleat-ing
pi-ning	lit-tle
wrap-ped	cov-er-ed
ev-e-ry	a-ny

im-me-di-ate-ly.

(The Little Flock, continued.)

Betty immediately left off eating her breakfaſt; and, putting her porringer down upon the ground, took the lamb in her arms, and looked at it with the utmoſt compaſsion.——Poor little creature! cried ſhe;—Yet why ſhould I be ſorry for you?—To-day, or to-morrow, they would have taken a great knife, and cut your throat—And now, inſtead of that, you have nothing more to go through.

While

(The Little Flock, continued.)

While ſhe was talking to it in this manner, the lamb, growing warm again in her arms, began to open its eyes and move, and made a faint bleating cry, as if pining for its dam.—It would be difficult to deſcribe little Betty's joy at the ſound of its voice.—She wrapped it up in her mantle; then covered it over again with her petticoat, and bent her neck almoſt down upon her knees, to keep it warmer, breathing, at

(The Little Flock, continued.)

the ſame time, with all her might, into its noſtrils.—By little and little, ſhe felt the poor animal revive; and her own heart beat with joy every time it ſhewed any ſigns of life.

III.

Por-rin-ger	ta-king
dy-ing	with-out
it-ſelf	lit-tle
bet-ter	af-ter
break-faſt	hard-ly
run-ning	ſhew-ed

ſuc-

(The Little Flock, continued.)

ſuc-ceſs	de-light
con-tri-ved	nou-riſh-ment
re-cov-er-ed	cot-tage
rol-led	quar-ter
miſ-treſs	ca-pers
Bet-ty	ſtrength-en-ed
thou-ſand	en-cou-ra-ged
dif-fi-cul-ty	mo-ther.

Betty, encouraged by this ſucceſs, rolled up ſome crumbs in her hand; put them into her porringer; and, taking them out with her fingers, contrived, though

(The Little Flock, continued.)

though not without difficulty, to force them between its teeth, which were ſhut very cloſe.

The lamb, who was only dying from want, felt itſelf a little ſtrengthened by this nouriſhment; ſhe now began to ſtretch out her legs, and ſhake her head and her tail, and perk up her ears; and, ſoon after, ſhe was ſo much better as to ſtand upon her feet; and then, ſeeing the porringer with little Betty's breakfaſt, ſhe went and drank

out

(The Little Flock, continued.)

out of it herſelf, to the great delight of the little girl. In ſhort, a quarter of an hour had hardly paſſed, before ſhe was ſo well recovered as to cut a thouſand capers round her new little miſtreſs.

Betty, in a tranſport of joy, took her in her arms; and, running with her into the cottage, ſhewed her to her mother, who was glad to ſee the lamb, and looked a long time on Betty, with great delight.

IV.

(The Little Flock, concluded.)

IV.

Lit-tle	al-ways
part-ed	lar-geſt
a-bout	bleat-ing
mo-ther	for-ced
with-out	vil-lage
kind-neſs	plain-tive
en-tire-ly	re-com-pence
be-came	ob-ject
diſ-tant	ſev-e-ral
ſup-pli-ed	how-e-ver
grate-ful	pret-ty
al-low-ed	fa-mi-ly
when-ev-er	ſor-row.

Little

(The Little Flock, continued.)

Little Ba-lamb, as ſhe was called, became, from this time, the object of all her cares.—She always ſhared with her the bread and milk ſhe was allowed for her own meals; and ſhe would not have parted with this one little lamb, for the largeſt flock of ſheep in the village. Ba-lamb was ſo grateful for her kindneſs, that ſhe was never a ſtep diſtant from her.——She would eat out of her hand, and friſk for ever round about her; and,

(The Little Flock, concluded.)

and, whenever Betty was forced to go out without her, the moſt plaintive bleating ſpoke her ſorrow at the parting.—The pity and good-nature of Betty, however, had another recompence.—Ba-lamb was ſoon the mother of ſeveral little lambs; who, in their turns, became the mothers of more; ſo that, in a few years, Betty had a very pretty flock of ſheep—entirely her own—which fed the family with milk, and ſupplied them with wool for their clothes.

DOLL's

DOLL's SHOP.

I.

Ac-count	a-mount
bal-ance	be-lieve
be-ſides	be-hind
com-mode	chear-ful
cuſ-tom-er	care-ful-ly
coun-ter	de-liv-er
diſ-charge	ex-act
ex-am-ine	houſe-hold
im-pro-ving	max-im
mil-li-ner	mil-li-ne-ry
nur-ſe-ry	mon-ey
paſte-board	pil-low
prop-er	pa-per

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

rum-pled	win-dow
young-er	ſil-ver
ru-led	pen-nies.

Have you not a doll's houſe?

No: but we have a doll's ſhop.

Doll's ſhop!—Pray what is that?

A houſe with a bow window in front, and large doors: the back is made of paſte-board.—One doll ſtands behind the counter, and one is there as cuſtomer.

But

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

But you cannot play with that, as we do with doll's houſe.

Yes, we do.

Then it is make believe—You can have no goods.

We hang things in the front windows.

But where is the money?

We have ſilver pennies in a purſe—But I will go and hang up my goods; and then you ſhall come and play.

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

Elder Sister.—I will teach you, in the mean time, how you are to play.

II.

Care-ful-ly	en-gage
ex-act	la-dy
ac-counts	mon-ey
lit-tle	a-way
al-ter	aſ-ſiſt
al-ways	ar-ti-cle
ap-par-el	bon-nets
cov-er	cut-ting
cred-it-or	debt-or
di-rect-ly	de-liv-er-ed

el-der

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

el-der	e-nough
lit-ter	lin-en
nap-kins	neat-ly
noth-ing	oft-en
on-ly	rea-dy
ru-led	ruf-fles
fat-tin	fif-ter
flo-ped	ta-ble
wear-ing	chear-ful
im-pro-ving	max-im
young-er	el-der
com-mode	mam-ma
Bet-ty	pil-lows
be-fides	cov-er.

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

They have ſmall ſilver coin, in a little purſe, to pay directly for what they buy—and a book of accounts, neatly ruled with red ink, with a nice cover.—She whoſe turn it is to ſell, is exact and neat with the book, or ready in accounts.—When the lady comes to diſcharge her bill, both debtor and creditor examine carefully the books, to ſee the amount; and a bill of each article is delivered.—It is a chearful play, and an im-

proving

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

proving one: we elder ſiſters engage in it as we ſit at work: I am often a cuſtomer.

You are very kind to play with your little ſiſters.—Belle always tells me ſhe has no time.

I direct and aſsiſt in cutting out, and ſhew them how to make the things.—The girls are milliners.—We make it a rule to throw nothing away—*Nothing but has its uſe:*—This is our maxim.—The younger girls have each

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

each of them a box.—Have you one?

I have a ſmall commode.

Well! you muſt beg your elder ſiſter to ſave her ſnips: we make all our own things; and in cutting out, there muſt be odd bits; thoſe we give to the little ones; then, when we alter, we make more.

Belle alters her things; (Mamma ſays ſhe is always cutting them) and I pick up the ſnips; but

(Doll's Shop, continued.)

but they get rumpled, and I grow tired of them, and throw them away; and Betty ſays, they make a litter in the nurſery.

You ſhall have a ſhop of ready-made linen for dolls; wearing apparel, and houſehold linen:—Old long lawns will do for ſheets, napkins, table linen, and pillows; and you may have millenery beſides; ſuch as bonnets, cloaks, and ſo on.

DOLL's

DOLL's BOX,
OR
RE-POS-I-TO-RY.

ſat-in	ſpoil-ed
re-ceive	noth-ing
them-ſelves	ac-tions
cam-bric	com-fort
cuſh-i-ons	de-clare
diſ-poſe	ear-neſt
neat-ly	ea-ſi-ly
ed-ging	e-nough
grand-mam-ma	floun-ced
muſ-lin	nee-dle
or-der	ruf-fles

ſarſ-net

(Doll's Box, continued.)

ſarſ-net	a-way
ſpen-cer	ſpoil-ed
cha-ri-ty	re-ceiv-ed
re-al-ly	ſum-mer
tic-ket	treaſ-ure
tri-fles	un-leſs
vel-vet	win-ter
char-i-ta-ble	ſlo-ped.

Firſt let us fold up all the ſnips neatly, and lay them in order.

There is a great bit of velvet, that is of no uſe: it is too thick for

(Doll's Box, continued.)

for a doll, unleſs we make a ſpencer.

Lay it by: I will tell you what to do with ſuch things.

This ſatin will do for a winter cloak; we muſt hang up muſlin ones in the ſummer:—And here is a bit of cambric—and a nice piece of edging!—and crape enough to make a bonnet—but it is ſpoiled:—What is this?—A flounced coat for doll, I declare:—And here

are

are ſloped ruffles, ſuch as grandmamma wears.

We loſe time—Let us ſort the things—This ſarſnet is a treaſure.

Come, let us make haſte.

Theſe thick ſilks are good for nothing.

Oh yes: they will do for cuſhions and needle-books.

My friends give me enough for them.

We make a great many at odd times: ſome we give away, and ſome we ſell.

(Doll's Box, continued.)

Sell!—You jeſt.

I am in earneſt; we really ſell them: we ſend them to the Repoſitory in the Hay-market, where all kind of things are ſold: we pin a ticket of the price upon each.

And what is done with the money?

We may receive it, if we pleaſe; and if we were in want, it would be a great comfort to be able to diſpoſe of trifles ſo eaſily made.—But we do not want

want it; ſo it is our gift to thoſe who do.

A child can do no charity—ſhe has nothing of her own; but a little girl can give up an hour from her ſport, to make cuſhions, and ſuch things, out of her doll's rags: a boy can paint a ſcreen or box; and theſe can be ſent to the Repoſitory; where we receive the money, which we diſpoſe of to the poor.—Thus they improve themſelves—and "Charitable actions learn in ſport."

LAURA, *a Character.*

A-wry	bot-tom
cor-ner	han-dle
ſcrawl-ed	be-lov-ed
in-duſ-try	rea-di-neſs
o-be-di-ence	be-ha-ved
rea-ſon	Lau-ra
lit-tle	mid-dle
on-ly	ſprawl-ing
ci-vil-i-ty	houſe-wives
vi-va-ci-ty	pin-cuſh-i-on
let-ters	ſome-times
oth-er	nei-ther
ſer-vants	ſcif-ſars

obli-

(Laura, continued.)

o-bli-ging	har-mo-ny
play-fel-lows	pret-ti-ly
good-na-ture	dex-ter-i-ty
ut-moſt	great-eſt.

Laura was a little girl of quick parts and vivacity. At only ſix years old ſhe could both work and handle her ſciſſars with great dexterity; and her mamma's pincuſhions and houſewives were all of her making.

She could read with eaſe and readineſs any book that was put

(Laura, continued.)

into her hands: ſhe could alſo write very prettily; and ſhe never put large letters in the middle of a word; nor ſcrawled all awry, from corner to corner of her paper. Neither were her ſtrokes ſo ſprawling that five or ſix words would fill a ſheet from the top to the bottom; as I have known to be the caſe with ſome other little girls of the ſame age.

Her papa and mamma had as much reaſon to be pleaſed with her

(Laura, concluded.)

her obedience as her maſter had with her induſtry. She lived in the greateſt harmony with her ſiſters; behaved to all the ſervants with civility; and to her play-fellows with the utmoſt good nature, and deſire of obliging.

BERQUIN.

ERROR.

Page 60, *line* 1, *eraſe* one of.

☞ *A ſingle ſoldier looked like an army of pigmies: for the eye of a fly multiplies, as well as leſſens objects.*

THE END.

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